

Simon: Hello! Seen any weird TV programs recently?

Simon: Dear God, yes.

Simon: Go on...

Simon: First up, Silent Witness has to be one of the worst dramas I've ever seen. It really does compete with later Neighbours.

Simon: No way.

Simon: Yep. In one of the show's 'climaxes', someone gets shot and totally underacts. She had a look on her face like 'Oh no I lost my keys!' as she bled everywhere. That certainly was no one off, even though I was expecting it to be. In fact that kind of acting was more or less constant. When someone found out he got framed for a crime, he was just like 'no way!' The theme tune is an opera singer borderline screaming, you really should check it out.

Simon: Wow. Any more stories about that show?

Simon: Not really, I stopped watching even though it was pretty funny.

Simon: Can you talk about another show, then?

Simon: I've talked about The Bidding Room before, but I'll talk about it again as that show is kind of interesting too, in that nothing happens. I actually think the so called 'expert dealers' in the program are random people who get told to research various items before hand on Wikipedia and then repeat such research to the sellers to sound impressive. The show actually starts by saying something like 'the presenters of this show are Bill, who's had 30 years experience dealing toys, Fred who's been an auctioneer for 40 years... and then there's Bob and Alan.' What do Bob and Alan (or whatever their names are) do? No one could possibly know.

Simon: :O That sounds.... bad.

Simon: Yes, very. Some people watch TV shows just to laugh at them which I do understand, really I watch it out of curiosity. On the subject of antiques, there's another more intelligent show where more trustworthy people travel up and down the country buying and selling things. The twist of that show, is you actually SEE the stars selling them. In The Bidding Room, the bought items probably just go in the bin, I'm not just saying that. Anyway, the more intelligent show: One of the presenters keeps completely ripping people off. He's like 'Wow, I'm almost completely out of money. I see you're selling that thing for £70... Can I have it for £30???' And the poor shopkeepers always say yes!

Simon: I wonder how much further he could take things...

Simon: Me too! Maybe 'Oh man, I love that Ancient Egyptian statue, that's awesome! The thing is, I've only got 50p. Is that a problem? I'm so sorry, but I really do like it. But then again, I want to buy a small bar of chocolate later, so how does 5p sound to

you?'

Simon: I know you've been trying to spot a YJM numberplate since the age of 14. Had any luck lately?

Simon: The other day I saw a YMJ plate. :(

Simon: So close! Yngwie Malmsteen Johan!

Simon: I know!! Moving on, did you know the highest Roman numeral possible is 3,999?

Simon: I did know that.

Simon: What will happen to films in the year 4,000? How will they say when they're made?

Simon: I don't know...

Simon: There are a few years to think about it, but what if it's an impossible question? So much time wasted!

Simon: Right now, the year is 5,782 according to Judaism...

Simon: How do they describe the dates of films?

Simon: Maybe they just use standard numbers?

Simon: Maybe. Or maybe they can't physically release any films? Have you ever heard of a Jewish film?

Simon: Come on. There must be some.

Simon: I don't know.

Simon: Google?

Simon: Oh. There are Jewish films...

Simon: There you go. No laws of time and space broken.

Simon: I really thought there would have been...

Simon: Nope. Do you have any really bad jokes you're written?

Simon: Here's one: What's the most extreme form of deadpan humour? Dustpan humour.

Simon: What's it mean?

Simon: I honestly can't remember. It did make sense at the time, but yeah, definitely needed some proofing.

Simon: I see. Maybe deadpans turn into dustpans when they're very very old, making them more extreme?

Simon: Maybe. But if so, not exactly hilarious...

Simon: Have you come up with any band names, of late?

Simon: Special Shoes.

Simon: Awesome.

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Simon: Oh no, I haven't written anything for over half an hour...

Simon: Maybe you should do something wacky and talk about that.

Simon: I just head butted a plastic milkshake bottle.

Simon: Feel good?

Simon: Yep. It's like a cushion effect on the head. As long as you don't do it too hard I mean. I actually like using it as a pillow. A lot nicer than resting my head on my desk.

Simon: Why do you rest your head on your desk?

Simon: It helps me think.

Simon: It helped you think up the bottle head butting anecdote?

Simon: It did actually, yes.

Simon: Well it was rubbish.

Simon: I liked it.

Simon: What did you like about it?

Simon: You'd think head butting a plastic bottle would be boring. Actually it was the highlight of my day.

Simon: Really??

Simon: No only joking.

Simon: What has been the highlight of your day so far?

Simon: Drinking the milkshake! Even buying the milkshake wasn't bad.

Simon: And let me guess, thinking about buying the milkshake was good, too?

Simon: It was actually.

Simon: What kind of life are you living?

Simon: I'm going to the gym later, that's fun. I spotted a new milkshake in the petrol station I visit after working out, and I'm planning to buy that too, as a special one off treat.

Simon: What are looking forward to tomorrow?

Simon: I'm not saying I'm only looking forward to this, but again, milkshakes really are very good. I get one almost every day!

Simon: But you've tried giving up sugar!

Simon: Yes, that was too difficult. BUT, I've come up with a new rule: Sugar is ok, as long as it doesn't stick to (and rot) your teeth. Do milkshakes REALLY harm your mouth that much? They're like water.

Simon: Eh?

Simon: Oh, you know what I mean.

Simon: I don't...

Simon: Never mind.

Simon: Ok. Is there anything you're not looking forward to, today?

Simon: Washing my car.

Simon: Didn't you do an interview about washing your car, once?

Simon: Yip.

Simon: You're not going to again, are you?

Simon: I want to...

Simon: Well don't.

...

Simon: I haven't written anything in ages, again...

Simon: Don't look at me, I don't know what to say.

Simon: Would you like me to head butt a milkshake bottle again?

Simon: NO!

Simon: Chicken caesar wrap packaging?

Simon: No! No actually, fine. Go for it.

Simon: Done it.

Simon: Did you?

Simon: Yes! What do you take me for?

Simon: Was it good?

Simon: It was alright, I suppose. I didn't hit it hard, it didn't deserve it, but there was definite contact there.

Simon: Wash your car!

Simon: Good idea. Bye.

(A day passes)

Simon: I didn't get a milkshake in the end, I got something else.

Simon: I don't care!!